

BEN LILLY ON THE WEST END

During the last decade or so, no peak or eminence of Uinta's West End has been excluded from the entertainment offered by Brown L. Keeling of Heber, Utah, and his cat trailing hounds. The hounds, of which he has had a hundred or so, could have been cold nosed black and tan, or hot nosed Plott. He has settled for the latter, having seven at this writing.

Bald Knoll, Mt. Heber, Currant Creek Peak, Reid's Peak, Bald Mt. with all its lookouts to Kamas Valley and over the Transition area have been alerted, amused, concerned, and worried, as this lone man with his ever faithful canines has bagged bobcats, cougars, and bears to the almost unbelievable number of "from 700 to 1,000." Of course these would be mostly cats.

How he has escaped the cold, blizzards, darkness, and fangs and claws of these maddened beasts of the wilds—we wonder. No less is the question—how has he escaped the blazing pages of the press? And how come he has done all this, while not one person out of a hundred, we dare say, who claim to have traversed these mountains, has ever seen one of these animals in the wild?

The last question is easily answered for many go through the Uintas without seeing their beauty or tasting their inspiration—they don't look for them. We find what we look for—faults or virtue, hatred or love.

Brown Keeling differs from the great Ben Lilly because conditions are different. Ben became famous in the South West, New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado as an intrepid Grizzly and Wolf hunter. He camped on the trail to its end, stopping in caves each weekend where he Sabbathed with the Bible—one was cached in each of many different caves. He had no family—home was any place.

Our man has always been able to go and come. Good roads have led him to the tell-tale tracks. However, good judgment and strained endurance has sustained him well. But Alas! Times were when the exception hung on a spider web. Thanks to the faithfulness and innate understanding of man's best friend as they unrelentingly tore at the charging beasts, snatching long foaming fangs away in hair-breadth time.

To spend much of a life—from 8 years to 57 hunting with very little monetary remuneration has but one solution—innate love of the game and the solitude, in which it is envired. Yet some will say: "I am a hunter."

Brown Keeling has a comfortable late model house just north of Heber. Call and see his trophies and enjoy his experiences first hand.

HEBER MOUNTAIN

Heber Mountain being largely in the Provo drainage and conveniently located above Heber Valley, becomes the natural to docket the pertinent data on times calendar for this mountain valley.

He observes: "This Valley first referred to as 'Provo Valley,' rests profitably between Uinta's west end and the picturesque east side of the Wasatch. After drinking heartily from the Provo River, it kisses it good-by with a blessing as the river makes its faithful way through Provo Canyon's open gate to Utah Lake. Timpanogos and Cataract Mountain who guard this canyon well, with its Deer Creek Reservoir, are ostensibly jealous of Heber Valley at their eastern feet; but can only lay claim to a small west portion. This portion, including Round Valley and Snake Creek drainage, fortunately works out to be an asset to my better half, as is evidenced by the now thrifty growth of Heber City.

The early settlers who began in earnest after the construction of the Provo Canyon wagon road in 1858, immediately became water-wise and began to appropriate the waters of Lake and Center Creeks, which begin at my slopes. A few little reservoirs were made in Lake Creek in 1877. These were the first of such in the Uinta Range. James Lindsay took the leading part in this move.

The second notable first was accomplished by 1889 when water was ditched over the divide from Strawberry River into the Bonneville Basin—running down Daniel's Canyon. The surveying was done by Hyrum Oaks and Wm. Bethers with plumbob and spirit level, in 1879, substantially enlarged in 1894 by construction of 1,000 foot tunnel and 7 mile canal tapping Willow Creek.

The third first was realized when a branch of the Rio Grande Western Railroad was extended from Provo to Heber City, September 29, 1899. This was made feasible, in the main by the sheer force of agricultural productivity and business development—no mineral or coal mines in the valley to serve.

It is the only railroad to extend to any of Uinta supported cities—the bells of Hayden came in with no punches pulled!

Mt. Heber is honored to report that the Fish and Game Department constructed a dam in Mill Hollow, 1962, a dam 51 feet high. It impounds 1,000 acre feet of water.

Because of the proximity of Provo Valley to Utah's Central Valleys the duration of pioneer hardships were shorter than in other localities which were more remote and shrouded with isolation—such as Ashley Valley. Hardships and tough problems were indeed there, but the very makeup of the early pioneers gave them the strength and resourcefulness to hold the tugs tight, snatching the load from the pending mud holes.

These pioneers coming as they did from most quarters of the globe from all walks of life, seemed to leave no talent lacking. There were doctors, lawyers, teachers, musicians, surveyors, carpenters, cabinet makers, organizers, church leaders, etc. They had already gone through several severe tests. First, by accepting an unpopular and persecuted faith; secondly, leaving homes and friends—many in poverty—for a country thousands of miles away over land and seas; then finally by leaving established or promising homes in Central Utah to build anew.

HITTING A FEW HIGH POINTS

Charley N. Carroll, George Jacques and James Adams took a quick and short look at the Valley in 1857.

In Summer of 1858, cattlemen George Bean, William Wall, William Meeks and Aaron Daniels came winding toward us between the majestic peaks guarding Provo Canyon, with cattle. They set their minds on certain ranch locations.

Next year, 1859, with axe, shovel and plow came Wm. Davidson, Robert Broadhead, James Davis, John Crook, John Jordan, C. N. Carroll, William Giles, John and James Carlyle, Jesse Bond, Hyrum Chatwin, Thomas Rasband and—Carpenter. Others followed soon.

Anticipating possible Indian troubles a 40 x 40 rod fort

It was locust year in the mountains. Their shrill song was coming in confusing directions from almost every bush and aspen tree. This was the second time Syd had heard them—once he was five and now again. He was not aware that the eggs and larvae of cicada lie in the ground for seventeen years and then come forth in one grand horde.

Feeling that tie chopping and river driving were gone from his life forever and that life and the mountains were just budding in, the canyon seemed to drop behind him with a little objection. How he wished for the book on birds that Sadie had sent him—that he might hesitate and study. Sadie! Ah, that was the reason he was going so fast now, down the slope into Bear River's west Fork where he could fish and proceed on the morrow. He had already gathered a few cicadas for bait—he remembered his father had told him they were good.

The bleat of sheep fell upon his ears and of a sudden a big flat with sheep camp. "Hi" came a voice. Waiting a minute, Sydney heard the approaching horseman say: "Looks like you are traveling?" A short conversation let out the word—fish. "O, sure go right down there. We've got no hooks and we are getting ——— tired of old ewe meat and deer. The native cutthroat, gaunt from spawning, were eager biters.



Courtesy of Lee Kay